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Perfect.
Feb. 1916

THE
Triumphs of London,

Performed on *Thursday, Octob. 29. 1691.* for the Enter-
tainment of the Right Honourable

Sir THOMAS STAMP Kt;
Lord Mayor of the City of

LONDON.

Containing a true description of the several Pageants, with the
Speeches spoken on each Pageant.

All set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY of

DRAPERS.

First Edition.

By E. S. H. C.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *Alex. Milbourn*, for *Abel Roper* at the *Mitre*
near *Temple-Bar*, 1691.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir THOMAS STAMP Knight;
LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

MY LORD,

HONOUR ever looks Loveliest, and
shines Brightest, when 'tis the Re-
compence and Meed of *Virtue*; so
great is the Difference between a *Present*
and a *Reward*. Your Lordship ascends the
Prætorial Chair under the last Qualification.
Your Merits have planted You so fair a
Mark for that *Dignity* You have received,
that it is *payd*, not *given* You. And the Un-
animous acknowledgements of all good
Men are so sensible of a *Desert* so conspi-
cuous, that their concurring best Wilhes
make you one United Congratulation.
And that Your *Lordship* has so deserved,
your Constant Zeal for the *Honour of Your*
Country, is not the Business of Yesterday.
Your Lordship set out an early Devote
in so worthy a Cause. For Instance, seve-
ral Years together in those memorable
Days, when *Intrigue & Designe* sat high at
the *Helm*, Your unshaken *Honour* and *Hone-*
sty were thought so dangerous to the then
State.

The Epistle DEDICATORY.

State-Hammerers at the Anvil, that no less then *Court-Power* was pleased to rise up & wage against You, witness the several potent, Oppositions made against you and your long Exclusion from your Rightful Entrance into *Trust*. But thanks to Providence, under the present more benign, & more auspicious *Administration*, a Reign where Integrity qualifies for *Magistracy*, & the *Courtier* & the *Patriot* are not names incompatible, your Lordships Glory of being the *Fear* of that *Age*, intitles you to the *Darling* of this. And our proud *Metropolis* receives her saluted *PRÆTOR* so pleased at your *Inauguration*, and with such promising confidence of so upright and unbiasd a *Ministry* of *Equity* & *Justice* from your Lordship, that she never entrusted her *Scales* and her *Sword* in a Worthier Hand. In which high post of Honour, I joyn but in the Universal Quire, when all *Prosperity* and *Happiness* to your Lordship are most heartily wilst by, *My Lord*,

Your most humble and obedient Servant,

E. SETTLE.



TO THE
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY
OF
DRAPERS.

Gentlemen,

UNDER this fair Occasion of expressing my Gratitude, perhaps I take a fairer of gratifying my Pride, when I publish Your Generous Goodness in Accepting of my poor Talent for the Service of this Honourable City. My best Acknowledgments to Your Introducing Favour lye no little Duty upon me; and though I dare not Arrogate any Merit to so much Honour, yet at least I have this Advantage that I succeed not over-formidable Predecessours; Those Brothers of the Quill whose Pegasus has not soared so high, that there's much danger of my Flagg'ing behind 'em.

But when I Address to You my Kind and Worthy Patrons, I dare not pretend in so narrow a Paper to recount the Antiquity and Splendor of the Worshipful Company of DRAPERS. It is enough to say that the Honour of your Corporation extends as far as Trade can reach, or Canvas Wings can carry it; and from this little Island visits only those Nations of the World

B that

that there is Sea to Travel to. And for Your First Original, Drapery is unquestionably so Ancient as to have the Honour of being the immediate Successor of the Fig-Leaves. And though we are not certain that our great First-Father began it within his Fair Eden, yet we are assured that Eves Spinnstry and Adams Spade set to work together. And as for any Poetical Harangue to the Drapers Encomium, let it suffice that whilst there are Verdant Plains and Bleating Flocks, those innocent Panegyrists will do you more Justice, and speak much better than any weak flourish from the Pen of

Your most Obliged

Humble Servant

E. Settle.

T H E



The Movements of the Morning.

Between Seven and Eight in the Morning the whole Company design'd for the Duty of the Day, meet at Drapers-Hall.

1. **T**HE Master, Wardens, and Assistants, in Gowns faced with Foins, and their Hoods.
2. The Livery in their Gowns Faced with Budg, and their Hoods.
3. Forty Foins Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
4. Forty Budg-Batchelors in Gowns & Scarlet Hoods.
5. Forty Gentlemen Ushers in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his Shoulder, and a White-Staff in his Hand.
6. Several Drums and Fifes with Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company in their Hats, Blew and Yellow.
7. The Serjeant Trumpet, and Twenty Four Trumpets more, whereof Sixteen are their Majesties, the Serjeant-Trumpet wearing Two Scarfs, a Blew & a Yellow.
8. The Drum-Major to the King, wearing a Shoulder-Scarf of the Companies Colours, with others of Their Majesties Drums and Fifes.
9. The Two City-Marshals, each of them Mounted on Horse-back, with Rich Furniture, Hoofings, and Crupper all Embroider'd : Six Servitors likewise Mounted to Attend, with Scarfs, and Colours of the Companies.
10. The Foot-Marshal with a Scarf, and Six Attendants in Colours.

11. The Master of Defence with the same Scarf and Colours, Eight Persons of the same Science to Attend him.

12. Twenty Pensioners with Coats and Caps, employ'd in carrying of Standards and Banners.

13. Eighty Pensioners in Blew-Gowns, Yellow Sleeves and Blew Caps, each of them carrying a Javeling in one Hand, and a Target in the other, wherein is Painted the Coat-Armour of their Founders, and Benefactors of the Company.

Thus order'd, and accommodated, they are committed to the management of the Foot Marshal, who distributes them in Seven Divisions, rank'd all two by two, beginning with the inferior part of the Standard Bearers. In the head of them are placed two Drums, one Fife, and one Gentleman, bearing the Companies Arms.

In the Rear of them, two Gentlemen bearing Banners, containing the Arms of the deceased Benefactors.

After them march the aged Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Centre of them fall two Drums.

In the Rear of them three Drums, one Fife, and two Gentlemen in Plush-Coats, bearing two Banners, one of Their Majesties, the other of the Companies. After them Six Gentlemen Ushers, follow'd by the Budg-Bachelors.

The next, two Gentlemen bearing two other Banners. After them Six Gentlemen Ushers, succeeded by the Foyns Bachelors.

In the Rear fall in two Drums, and a Fife. Then two Gentlemen, one bearing my Lord MAYORS, the other the City Banners. Then Twelve Gentlemen Ushers, and after them the Court of Assistance, which makes the last Division.

The Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR, with the principal Aldermen and Sheriffs, Mounts his Horse, with the

the Aldermen two by two, the Sheriffs in the Rear.

In this Equipage of two and two, the whole Body move toward *Guild-Hall*, where the Lord Mayor Elect joynes with the Old Lord Mayor and his Retinue; whence all of them in this Order march through *King-street* down to *Three Crane-Wharf*, there entring into their several Barges which are gloriously adorned with Flags and Pendants, His Lordship & this Gallant Company all Landing at *Westminster*, is conducted to the Exchequer-Bar; there having performed several Ceremonial and Customary Duties, and taken the Oaths to their Majesties, he returns again by Water to *Black-Fryers Stairs*, with Drums beating, Trumpets sounding, Musick playing, &c.

There his Lordship, and the several Companies landing from their Respective Barges, the rest of the Attendants that went not to *Westminster*, waiting for his Reception, the whole Body moves in Order before him to *Cheap-side*, where his Lordship is saluted with the First Pageant.

The First Pageant

A Chariot, &c.

ON a large Stage are placed two large Lyons finely Gilded and Polished, being the Supporters to the *Drapers Company*. On their backs are seated two *Negroes* in their Native Habit, bearing in their Hands two large Banners, the one of the Citys, the other the *Drapers Arms*; their Bridles, Trap-
C
pings

pings, and other Ornaments all of the Companys Colour.

In the Reer of the Lyons, and adjoining to them, is Erected a Golden Chariot set with all the richest Embellishments that can be performed by Art.

Supremely elevated and gradually ascending, under a Canopy of Silver tyed up, in a Majestick glory sits a Young and Beautiful Virgin, representing *Arachne* the Mistres and Patroness of Arts, Industry, Spinstry, &c. A Peruque of Curld Bright Flaxen Hair flowing from her Shoulders, a Crown of Stars Around her head, beset with precious Stones, enrobed in a Bas or Tunick of Purple and Carnation, bearing in her Right hand the Kings Banner, and in her Left a *Cornucopia* to signify that Increase is owing to *Industry* and *Art*.

On her right hand (on a Descent beneath) sits *Diligence*, on her Left hand *Industry*.

Diligence Array'd in a Robe of Lemon Colour'd Silk, with a mantle of Green Sarfnet, in short curl'd hair with a Wreathe of Lawrel, a pair of Silver Sheers in one hand and a Banner of the Citys in the other.

Industry, in a Robe of Crimson Silk Fringed with Silver, a Mantle Party-Colour'd, Brown Hair, a Garland of Flowers, bearing in one hand a Shield Vert, a Bee-Hive, and a Swarm, in the other the Lord Mayors Arms.

In the Front of this Chariot are placed three other Figures, richly adorn'd in their Proper Habits, *Success*, *Union* and *Tranquility*, *Success* beating the Kettle Drum, and *Union* and *Tranquility* sounding of Trumpets.

Arachne

Arachne Addressing to my Lord.

Hold, hold my sooty sun burnt Charioteers,
 Behold the awfull Lord of Pow'r appears :
 Bid my Triumphant Driving Chariot stay,
 Till to bright HONOUR I my Homage pay.
 That Pow'rful Hand must stop my rolling Wheels,
 Whilst to such WORTH even my proud Lyon Kneels.
 My Lyons ! Tes ; at that commanding Word,
 They know their Duty and must own their Lord.
 If such their Homage, Sir, what must be mine,
 I who but only from Your Favour shine ?
 Though proud Arachne does her self profess,
 Of Arts the Mistress, and the Patronefs.
 Fair Industry and Arts your Hand-Maids stand ;
 Th' improving Age and the Enriching Land,
 All spin their Thred from Your Encouraging hand.
 My Wheel then and my Loom are all Your own,
 And 'tis Your Smiles that mount me to my Throne.
 Then from that Throne, my Lord, I bend thus low,
 And to Acknowledge the vast Debt I owe,
 My Founders Fame in my own Loom enrol'd,
 For that Rich Web I'll spin a Thread of Gold.

The

The Second Pageant

THE

Pyramide of Honour.

ONa Large Stage is Artfully and Eminently Erected a Lofty Pyramide, whereon is placed (and Richly Gilded) all manner of Trophies, as Standarts, Ensigns, Shields, Helmets, Trumpets, and other Military Habiliments, &c. On the Pinnacle of the Pyramide Three Imperial Crowns. Beneath this Stately Pyramide, on each side the Basis, are seated four Persons, representing *Albion*, *Germania*, *Hispania* and *Batavia*, intimating the present CONFEDERACY, Array'd in this following Manner.

Albion in a Suit of Silver Armour with a Crimson Scarf, on his Head a Large Peruke tyed back in a bag, his brow encircled with a Gold Lawrel, in his right hand a Golden Truncheon, in his left a Banner of *England*, his Buskins Crimson, inlaid with Gold.

Holland in an Orange Colour'd Robe, a Silver Head-Piece, a Red Plume of Feathers, and a Silver Mantle.

Germany in a Purple Robe of Wacher Colour Silk, a Silver Head-Piece and Scarf.

Spain in a Purple Robe, a Gold Mantle, and Gold Head-Piece.

At the 4 Corners of this Stage are placed these four Rivers in Proper Habits, with their Urnes, Rushes, Flags and Reeds, &c. viz. The *Boyne*, *Shannon*, *Rhine* and *Danube*, signifying the present Scars or Scenes of War, and the whole Pageant the Royal Confederacy of *Europe*, &c.

ALBIONS

ALBION's Speech.

Whilst Nassaus Trumpsball t'endless Ages blow,
 Far as the Boyne, or Shannons Waters flow :
 Third Edward and Fifth Henry's deathless name,
 All centring in One Consummating Fame ;
 Bear up, fair Albion, thy exalted Pride,
 Rise high my Monumental Pyramide.

But whilst my Elevated thoughts I raise,
 All tuned to the Great WILLIAMS hallow'd Praise ;
 Whilst my Transported Veneration mounts
 To that vast Theme, and the Summ'd Mafs recounts :
 'Tis just, my Lord, I pay Your Equal due ;
 You share his Cause, and must his Honour too.
 Does the Arm'd Cæsar drive Your Foes before You ;
 Yes, You, kind Patriot, Plume his Wings for Glory :
 Divide between you then your shared Renown,
 William that Wears, you that support a Crown.

The Third Pageant, the Theatre of Victory.

ON a spacious Stage is Eleborately contrived & Erected a stately Amphitheatre of the Richest Egyptian Marble, curiously wrought and adorned; design'd and built after the *Corinthian* order, with Columnes and Pilasters in a Quadrangular Form, wherein are seated in four Arches, bearing each the Prospect of an Amphitheatre, *Neptune* and *Thetis*, *Mars* and *Bellona* sumptuously Drest after the manner of those Hea-then Gods and Goddesses.

Neptune in a Robe of Sea-Green, fringed with Gold, a Silver Mantle, on his head a Coronet of Shells and Coral, his hair and beard Green, in his Right hand a Silver Trident, in the other a Banner of my Lords, &c.

Thetis in an Aurora Colour'd Mantua; and Watchet Colour'd Bases, a Coronet of Shells and Coral, a Golden Mantle, bearing the Citys Bannar.

Mars in a Roman Body of Gold, A Silver head-piece, a Plume of Red Feathers and Bases, a Silver Scarf, bearing the Kings Banner.

Bellona in a Carnation Robe fringed with Gold, a silver head-piece, a Plume of Red and Blew Feathers, a silver Scarf.

On the Cupulo a stately Figure of Fame gilt: among the Ornaments of the several Columes, are intersprinkled these proper Mottos.

Victrix Fortuna.

Triumphans Causa.

Over *Neptune*

Imperium, Oceanus, sed Famam terminet Astris.

Over *Mars.*

Ultricibus Armis

The

The Speech of Neptune.

Neptune and Mars (*the Spear and Trident join'd*)
The two great equal Terrours of Mankind,
From all our desolating Vengeance, hurl'd
Around the Solid and the Floating World,
We come to fill the Triumph of this Day,
And both our Tributary Duties Pay.
 To Augusta's great Commanding PRÆTOR, you
 Dread Cæsars Image, Cæsars Vassals bow.
And 'tis but Just that all those aiding Powers
That wait his Triumph, should attend on yours.
Whilst the great NASSAU treads the Worlds fair Stage,
Fills Fames loud Trump, the Heroe of the Age ;
Though his Illustrious Hand leads to the field,
The Arming World that fights beneath his Shield ;
Battles and Arms his Sovereign Right, 'tis true,
But Wealth and Riches, those, my Lord, your due,
The Sinews of proud War belong to you :
And whilst He Marches EUROPE'S Leading Lord,
'Tis He that Weilds, 'tis you that Edge the Sword.

The

The Fourth Pageant

The VVildernefs :

O R,

The Arcadian Plain.

IN the Front of which is placed the Crest of the Worshipful Company of *Drapers*, being a Ram Artfully carved and properly Painted, as big as the Life, planted for Magnificence on a green Mount, or Hill. On whose back is mounted a Beautiful Boy with Flaxen Hair, crown'd with a Garland of Roses, in a Robe of white Sarfnet, and a Carnation Mantle fringed with Gold, with white *Shepherds* shoes and stockings, playing on delightful Musick, bearing the Banner of the Arms of the Corporation of *Drapers*.

In the Reer is placed a stately Bower composed after the *Tuscan* order, well carved and richly gilded and painted, and adorned with all manner of flowers.

Under this Bower on a Green bank sit *Sylvanus* and *Fauna*, the Rural Deitys of the Groves and Flocks &c. to whom the Shepherds and Shepherdesses pay Devotion, &c.

Sylvanus in a Robe of straw colour, Embroider d with Gold, a sky colour'd mantle Fringed with Silver, a Garland of Flowers on his head, white hair and beard, Carnation silk hose, gold Buskins, a Shepherds Crook, a Linen Scrip, and Leather bottle, bearing the Citys Banner.

Fauna Attyred in a Purple Robe, Embroider d with Silver, a Scarlet Mantle Fringed with Gold, light Flaxen hair

hair, on her head a straw hat adorned with Flowers, a Sheepcrook, a silver Scrip and Leather Bottle, bearing the Banner of the Lord Mayors Arms.

In the square of this Plain, planted round with Trees and Bushes, adorned with Satyrs & other Rural Figures, are *Shepherds*, *Shepherdesses* and *Wood-Nymphs*, all Gayly Attired, with Bags, Botties, Sheephooks and Streamers Flying, &c. with other Persons concern'd in the Woollen Trade at Work, as an Old Woman Spinning of Yarn, some Carding and Picking of Wool, and all at Intervals, Frolicking, Pipeing, Dancing and Singing, representing the Pastoral and Rural Innocent Mirth, as a Compliment to the New Lord Mayor, and a Testimony of their Service to the *Drapers* Company.

At the Approach of the Lord Mayor this CAROL is Sung.

Come Shepherds and Nymphs a jolly fair Train,
Let's Frolick and Dance it around the Plain,
Round the Plain,
Round the Plain,
Let's Frolick and Dance it around the Plain.

We'll drink my Lord's Health, then Laugh & lye down,
And all to the Glory of *London Town*,
London Town,
London Town,
And all to the Glory of *London Town*.

The

The Ceremony ending with this Speech of Sylvanus.

V *Hat tho' the whole Alarum'd Globe all round,
Their softer Ayrs in Wars loud Thunder drown'd,
The Frighted Swain throws his tuned Reed away:
No sullen Cloud shades Britains halcyon day.
Here Peace does with her Tuneful Measures reign,
And to your Triumph brings this Rural Train.
Tis true, my Lord, when we approach before ye,
We neither boast of Pomp, nor State, nor Glory.
Yet our Course Bowls as hearty Mirth can hold,
As Theirs that drink your Lordships Health in Gold.*

Here the Pageantry concluding, the Painters, *George Holmes* and *Richard Hayes*, bid you good Night; the Lord Mayor and the whole Train moving off to Dinner, which finishes the Solemnity of the Day.

FINIS.

*The Painter has made a Noble Shander with the
hat, he has placed it aside down, and with the
the pageantry.*